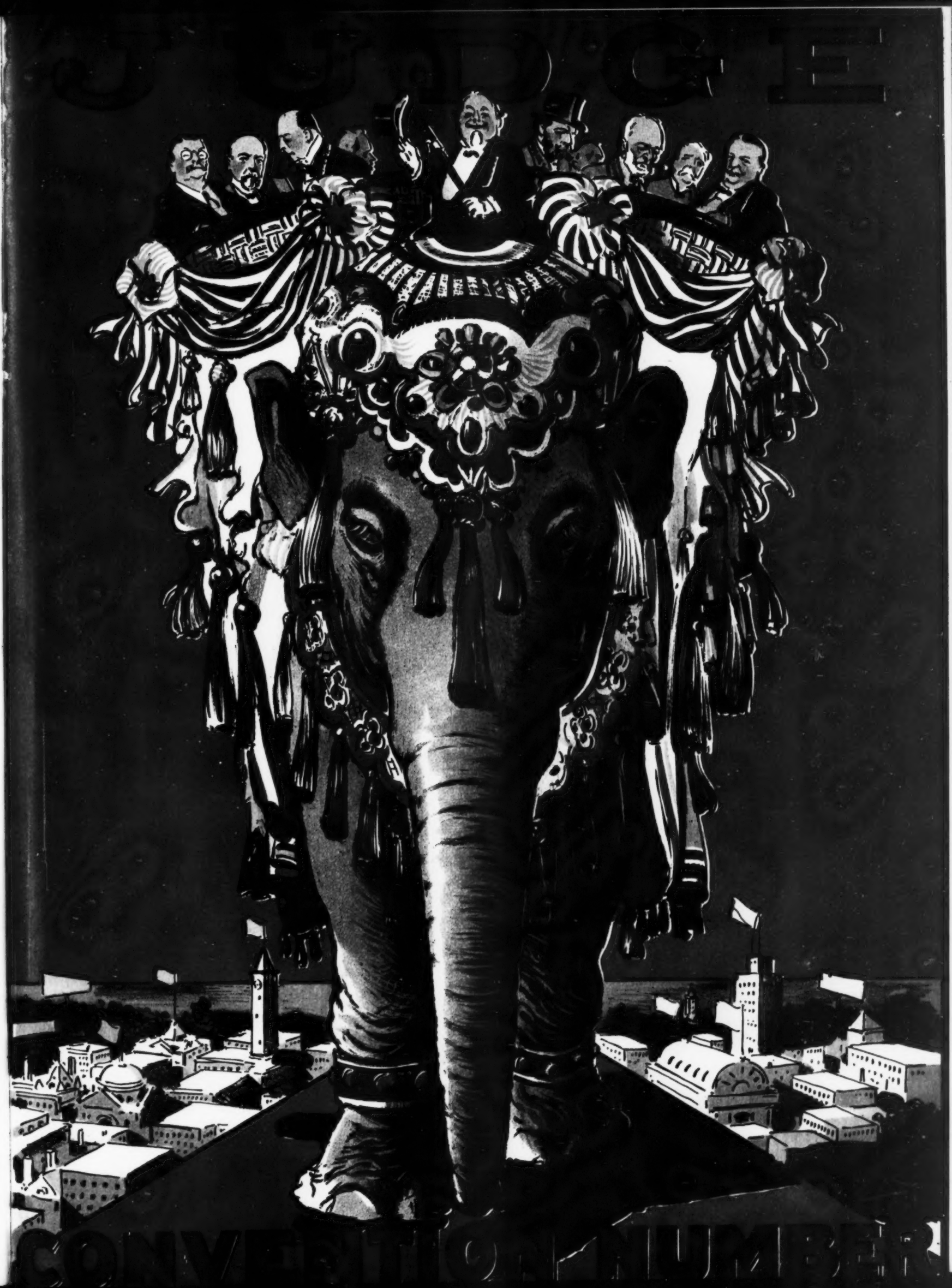
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Judge

Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Ave., New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.

JOHN A. SLEICHER, President. F. W. Schneider, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—1136-7 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill

Burges Johnson, Editor. Grant Hamilton, Art Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 10 CENTS A COPY.

One year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
Six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
Thirteen weeks	1.25

Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, *not by local checks which are at a discount in New York City.*

Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. To Canadian Provinces add 50 cents a year for postage; to all foreign countries add $1.50 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Sauerbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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ADVANCED THOUGHT.

THE OTHER day in Chicago a person who edits a magazine called *To-morrow*, and who calls himself an "advanced thinker," is said to have appeared at a dinner clad only in pajamas, where he favored the assemblage with a speech. As we hear now and then of apostles of so-called advanced thought doing foolish stunts in different parts of the country or luring silly human sheep into simple-life colonies, we feel a twitching in the toe of our left boot. Most advanced thought has been thunk over and over again in other days, and, so far as the advanced thinker himself is concerned, he does himself no harm that has not already been done him. The miserable part of it all is the fact that he finds so many dupes. It is regrettable that the State cannot compel some of these thinkers whose thought is located ahead of the present to accompany their cerebration bodily as far, at least, as the middle of next week.

. . .

COUNTERFEITS.

THERE is considerable turmoil in art circles just now over the discovery of a large number of copies of the work of famous American painters which have been sold as originals. This seems an ordinary scandal on the face of it; counterfeiting has occurred in many fields of industry. The complication in this case arises from the fact that these copies had been pronounced by critics to be the best examples of the work of the men supposed to have painted them. In one case it is stated that the artist himself acknowledged a counterfeit, and said that he considered it one of his best things! It is a wise artist that knows his own work. Before a problem such as this the layman quails. The probable result of a thorough airing will be that the average citizen will let artist and critic fight the matter out between them, while he contents himself with fine photographic prints for his walls.

. . .

THE government and people of Persia have been quarreling with their Shah, and recent reports indicate that he has run away from them, leaving them rulerless and lonesome. France has just been getting stirred up again over the Dreyfus affair, even to such an extent that somebody fired a bullet into the arm of that much-bewritten martyr. There is a revolution in a Greek dependency; the infantile republic of Panama is in a turmoil. All this comes at a time when the United States of America is having a bad fit of intermittent conventions. There are microbes, Horatio, as yet undreamt of in thy philosophy!

A PERSONAL INTRODUCTION.

IT IS a pity that now and then, for the good of both, a magazine's editorial staff and its reading public cannot meet. The exchange of ideas and the gain of sympathy would have a beneficial result all around. As a matter of fact, the attitude of editors toward their public has more of personal friendliness in it than the attitude of the public toward the editors; for the public regards a periodical as a sort of machine-made commodity, with no personality back of it—merely a flavor to be enjoyed or criticised. Of course such a general introduction between us can never be brought about. A photograph from each one of you, accompanied by a complete description of your several personalities, might swamp us. But, on the other hand, nothing is more welcome in our morning's mail than a frank, personal letter from some reader, expressive of friendly criticism or suggestions, while as for any one who is curious as to our place of business and the sedate cast of our several countenances, a glance at a full page of photographs in *Leslie's Weekly* for June 4th will serve as enlightenment.

. . .

HOKE SMITH of Georgia, during his term as governor, has antagonized all those Georgians who disapprove of the disenfranchisement of the negro. At the same time he has lost the regard of those who disapprove of violently strict railroad regulation and the abolishment of all free passes. At the same time he has earned the dislike of all classes who are not the strictest sort of prohibitionists; and at the same time he has made an enemy of Tom Watson, who delivered the populist vote to him two years ago. Hoke Smith wants office again. If we were Hoke Smith we should decide to want something else.

. . .

Ah, me! What's the hughes?

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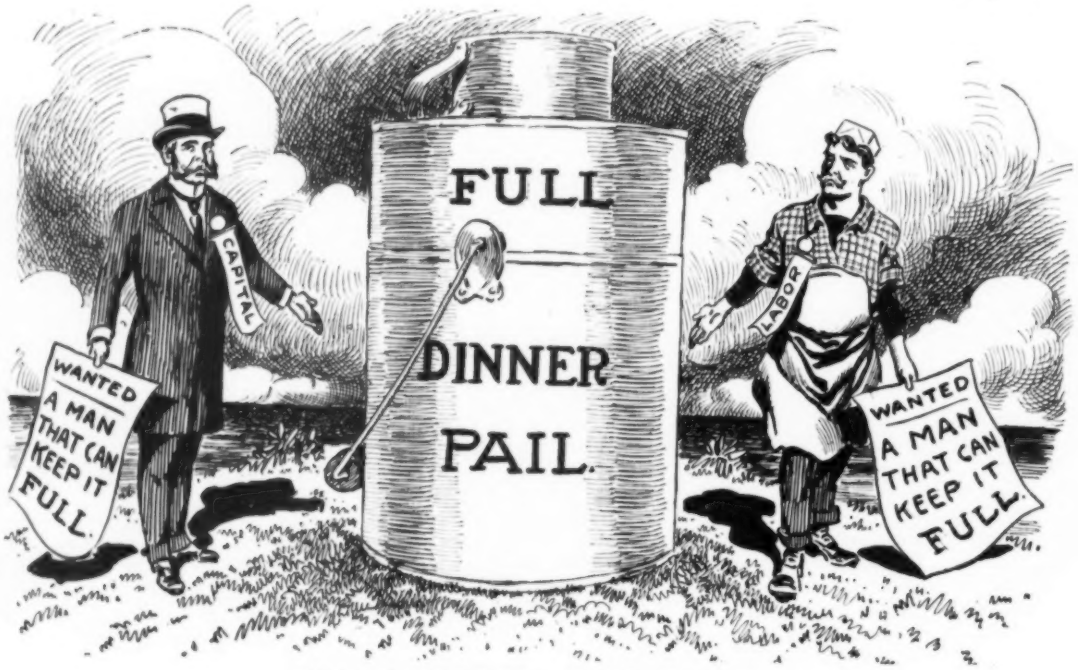


CHICAGO CONVENTION, TAKE NOTICE!

PUTTING SOLE INTO HIS WORK.

INTERCOLLEGIATE PRESIDENTIAL MEET.

THE FINALS in the open intercollegiate presidential meet were run off this evening in the presence of a large and enthusiastic crowd of rooters. Theodore Roosevelt, of Harvard, acted as starter, and the winner of the 1904 meet and present holder of the title received an ovation as he stepped on the track.

Promptly at eight-fifteen the large field was started off by the crack of the ex-champion's pistol, and W. J. Bryan, of the Nebraska Y. M. C. A., succeeded in taking the pole. He was closely followed by Taft, of Yale, and Fairbanks, the crack four-miler of the Washington branch of the W. C. T. U. Hughes, of Brown, with Johnson, Folk and Cannon, unattached, fell in immediately behind the leaders, the remainder of the field being bunched together about three yards in the rear. This order, however, was not long maintained, as after the fourth lap Bryan and Fairbanks, who were unable to keep up the pace, fell behind, while Johnson moved up among the leaders. From this time on it was a closely contested race between Johnson and Taft, now one and now the other setting the pace, while the field gradually strung out until over half a lap separated the tail-enders from those in the front rank.

CLOSE TO THE FINISH.
"I bet you the striped one wins."
"Bet you he won't, if my appetite increases."

In the fourteenth lap Hughes, of Brown, who had been running well within his strength only a few yards in the rear, suddenly shot out from the bunch in a spirited endeavor to overtake the leaders. Inch by inch he crept up to them, passing Knox, Bryan, Cannon and Fairbanks with comparative ease, until he was on even terms with Taft, the powerful Yale runner, in which position he remained for the next lap.

With the beginning of the sixteenth and last lap, Hughes lengthened his stride, and, with a terrific burst of speed, succeeded in passing Taft and taking the pole from Johnson. The latter was not to be defeated without a struggle, however, and summoned all his strength for a last desperate effort. The excitement became terrific, and the runners were urged to their utmost ability by such a tumult of cheers as has seldom been heard in this city.

At the last half of the lap Hughes was still in the lead, though Johnson pressed him close, inches only separating the men. The wearer of the dark brown was at the point of exhaustion, however, and to the onlookers it seemed as though he must collapse completely before reaching the tape. Johnson also was running only with the greatest difficulty, though now he was on almost even terms with the Brown star. When only ten yards from the finish, he brought the last iota of strength in his sinewy body into play, and hurled himself forward in a last desperate attempt. Hughes, however——

(Note by the editor: At this point the account breaks off just as we are going to press. The news was being transmitted by wireless, and it is supposed that a severe frost in the vicinity of Nebraska interfered with the proper transmission of the message.)

GRAHAM HAWLEY.

A SUMMER IDYL.

'Twas sweet to sit alone with her.
I felt a throb sublime
When, in the grass, the grasshopper
To breeze and leaf beat time.

I felt her little hand in mine,
I clasped her dainty glove;
Still in her pensive eyes no shine
Was there of pitying love.

I popped. She gently raised her lamps.
No tremor did she show;
Then said, "I need the long green stamps.
How are you fixed for 'dough'?"

EUGENE GEARY.

SAVED THE DISHES.

Husband—"But why did you dismiss the cook this morning, when the Higgses are coming to dinner to-night?"

Wife—"Because at eleven a. m. we had only exactly enough dishes left to set the table."

SWEET WILLIAM—A FAVORITE FLOWER.

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.
ETHEL WRIGHT IN "THE ROYAL MOUNTED."

Your dainty bit of acting
Is the proof you'll carry far;
And we're confidently waiting
Till your glad return—a star!

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

"BR'ER JOHNSING don't preambulate wid purtness lately. Wot's de indisposition wid 'im?"

"Locomotive attackted him."

THE CRUSADERS' "WHY."

I WISH we could tell by the sound of a yell
Just what was the motive or passion behind it.
I wish we could seek for the soul of the sneak,
As well as the soul of the good man, and find it.
Then—then we should look as on leaves of a book
And read what we saw plainly written, and know
If this man and that man, reform or stand-pat man,
Were really all you'd suspect from his blow.
So like are the sounds from the humanoid lung,
Right's slogan gets mixed with the shriek of the stung.

Some Sherlocks may snoop past the sound of the whoop
And say just how much of sincerity backs it;
May tell you aright who has heart in the fight,
And who, by the selfsame criterions, lacks it.
But many, I fear, whose wild bellows we hear,
Are fighting the wrong with desire to get back at
Some shark who was brighter than some present fighter
And skinned all the suckers he got a good whack at.
Much honest war-talk to the breezes is flung;
More of it, I fear, is the shriek of the stung.

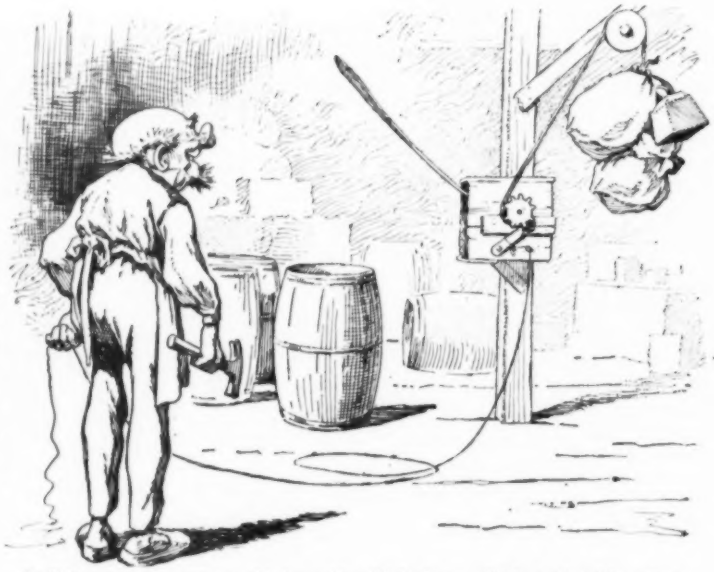
I think when we're judged for the years we have drudged
Through earth-valleys lachrymose, heavenward bent,
Somebody will ask why we went at the task
Of marking wrong's armor with many a dent.
I think if the blows we have dealt to our foes
Were given in primitive spite for some hurt,
Small credit we'll get for our trouble and sweat,
For gore-besmeared scalp-locks with which we're begirt.
Perhaps from right motives your broadsword you swung—
Far commoner, though, is the shriek of the stung.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

A NEGRO'S direction for putting on a coat: "Fust de right arm, den de left, an' den jes' gib one gen'al *wiggle*."

A LOCAL FRANKENSTEIN.

1. "Drat them boys! If they ain't inter my sugar-barrel ag'in!"



2. "Guess my patent spankin' machine 'll fix 'em. I'll jest take this string into the front store, an' when I twitch it they'll know there's somethin' doin'."

3. "Granulated sugar, Mrs. Stubbs? Right in ther back store, mum. How much, mum?"

4. But Mrs. Stubbs got tangled up in the string, and there was something doing right away.

A PROBLEM.

Mr. Wood B. Benedict—"You told me I might figure on your answer to-night."

Miss May B. Nott—"Certainly. Start with any number you wish between one and nine, add one, multiply by nine, cross out left-hand figure, add fourteen, and add the number you started with."

A FAIR DIVISION.

Youngboy—"Why, Stoutleigh, I thought you were in Paris with the wife, enjoying yourself."
Stoutleigh—"That's all right—division of labor, doncher see? Wife 's in Paris an' I'm enjoying myself."

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA.

I HAVE seen a lot of French horns on automobiles, but, by gravy! I have seen a blame sight more greenhorns on 'em.

A feller who puts a matrimonial ad. in the paper is running a long ways down the road to meet trouble.

It is getting so nowadays that a feller who chaws tobacco is almost as much of a freak as the feller was twenty years ago who didn't.

Some men are born poor and others acquire automobiles.

A feller who thinks he has got to tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about yourself is more of a nuisance than a downright durn liar.

Our milliner is using a shredded-wheat biscuit for a rat, and the constable is at work on the case, trying to find out if she is violating the pure-food law.

About the most aggravatin' thing in this world is to see a seven-dollar dog eat up a twenty-dollar bill.

Pansy Tibbits, of our town, is taking music lessons at some conservatory. Hank Pike says a conservatory is a place where they keep fish, but Uncle Hod Peters says Hank is a liar, and that a place where they keep fish is an antiquarian.

Bud Hicks says he wants to marry a woman with money. Well, by jing! it is pretty difficult to marry a woman without money.

Abner Hanks made a mistake the other day and filled the tank of his forty-candle-power runabout with gin instead of gasoline, and the blame thing wouldn't stay in the rud, but knocked the front porch off from Hilliker's general store and smashed four rod of fence in front of the meetin'-house.

Rev. Stubbs has got the shingles. Now would be a good time to put a new roof on the church.

The last time Elmer Spink, of our village, was in New York he made love to a chorus girl, but her grandson came out of the stage entrance just in time to give Elmer a good thumpin'.

Grandma Spink has got a new set of false teeth. Let the improvements go on, and we will have a pretty fine-lookin' town.

Virtue is its own reward, especially if a feller is runnin' a seven-column newspaper in a one-column town.

I hate to see a lady chaw tobacco or smoke a pipe, but, by cracky! I'd rather see 'em doing that than kissing poodle dogs.

There are a whole lot of people sufferin' from inflammatory religion.

ROY K. MOULTON.

EVER MEET HIM?

The man who tolerates all kinds of humiliating abuse among his fellows——

——but is a raging volcano of intolerance in his home

THE SUMMER BOARDER'S KICK.

CALKINS, the city chap, who had spent a few weeks in the country and expected spring chicken, roast beef and ice-cream three times a day, was bidding the landlord, an aged farmer, good-bye at the depot, and he thought it would be a good time to relieve his mind.

"Your so-called hotel," he said, "would be a paradise for people who had been wrecked on a desert island six or seven years, but"——

"Wa-al, that's real good of ye to say so," broke in the farmer, who thought a compliment was intended.

"Oh, you can keep the change," continued the man from the city sarcastically. "The meals you serve would probably tickle a longshoreman to death, but"——

"By gum! but it's kind of ye to praise Sary's cookin' so!" enthusiastically interrupted the landlord again. "She'll be as proud as a settin' hen when I tell her."

"Yes; she ought to be proud of her work. She'd be a gem on a canal-boat, but"——

"She would, hey? Wa-al, I've allus said Sary could lay over anythin' in the county on cookin', an' now you come along an' back me up in it. Why, I hev to chase the hired man away from the table with a club, or he'd kill hisself eatin'."

"Oh, he'll kill himself if he lives with you a little longer. And those corn-husk mattresses your guests have to sleep on. Say, they're the limit!"

"They be, hey? Wa-al, it's jest fine of ye to say so! By gum! but Sary kin stir up a bed! Slept like a baby, hey?"

"Yes; just about as much as most babies sleep at night. You must have heard me moving around at all hours, but thought I was anxious for breakfast time to come around, so that I could have some more of that hash you serve."

"Jest what I told Sary—jest what I told her! She kinder thought you was tired o' hash, an' how tickled she'll be when I tell her you couldn't sleep fur thinkin' of it!"

The man from the city was wondering how he could make his kick better understood, but when he saw tears of pride and gratitude in the old farmer's eyes, he gave it up as a bad job and boarded his train with a sickly smile on his face.

A. B. LEWIS.

BRIDAL PROBLEMS.

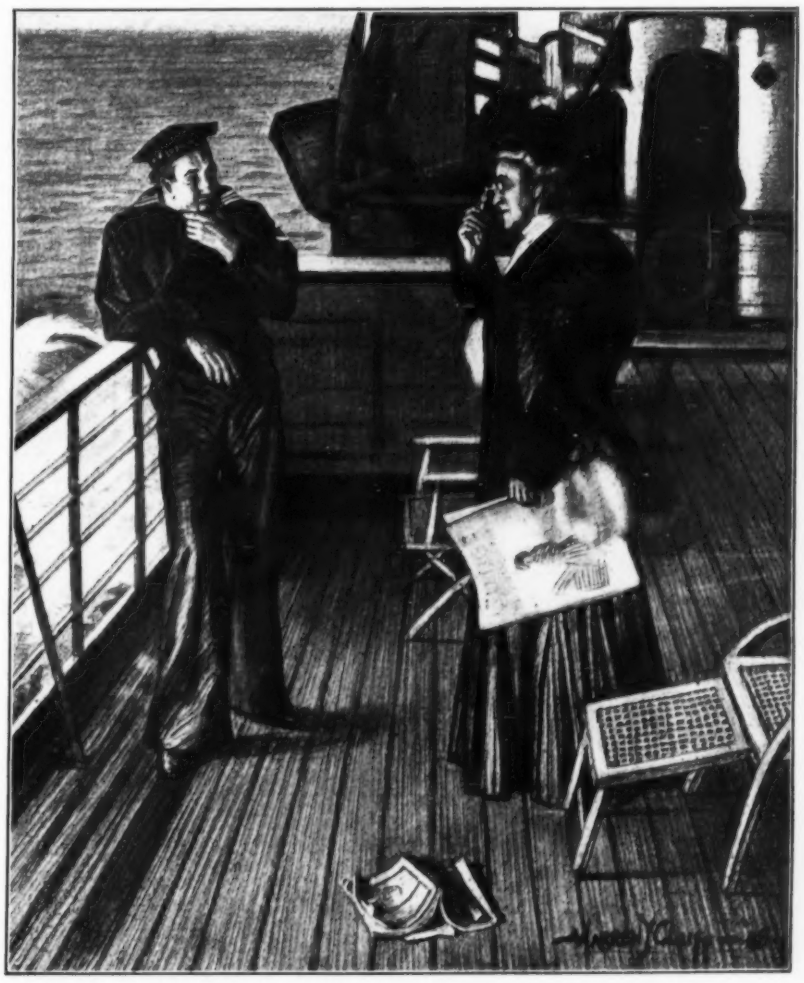
"I want a man's shirt-waist — some fashionable shade—and I don't know the exact size; but he's an inch taller than I am, with shoulders something like yours, only handsomer, of course."

A SUMMER resort—Borrowing one's neighbor's lawn mower.

MARRIED, HIMSELF.

Mrs. Peck—"Henry, listen to those wedding bells!"

Henry Peck—"Wedding bells! You mean lemon peals."



SIMPLE.

Passenger—"How do you feel, my good man, when the giant waves come tumbling over the ship?"

Old salt—"*Wet*, ma'am—*werry* wet!"

ROOSEVELT'S DREAM.

I HAD a dream last night, I did,
In which I saw the future's lid
Upraised, revealing what to me
Is something of a mystery.
Methought I saw a crowded hall,
Where many sat and stood, while all
Were shouting madly names of men
Whose like we ne'er shall see again.
Some yelled for Fairbanks as the van;
Some yelled for Cannon, grand old man!
For Knox some yelled; for Root—ah, well!
Perhaps it might be called a yell;
For Foraker some yelled—a few
Who didn't have much else to do;
And some, for Governor Hughes, let out
A perfectly unanimous shout;
But over and above them all,
Like some imperious, moving call,
There rolled so fierce a yell for Taft
That in my very dream I laughed.
"Taft, Taft!" the call came, fast and loud,
As if the whole convention crowd
Would unify on that; and then
Once more the yells for other men
Rose on the air like clarion notes
To all their followers for votes.
Thus for a season; then there fell
A twilight calm, as if the bell
For vespers rang; and then—and then—
Ah, me! the stress and storm of men,
With one great purpose overwrought
To put in action all their thought—
With such an overpowering roar
As drowned all others on the floor,
A mighty yell went up—a yell
Whose grand accord no tongue could tell.
One name it called; I could not hear
What seemed to all about me clear.
One name upon that audience broke,
But ere I heard it I awoke. W. J. LAMPTON.

OPEN TO CONVICTION.

Mrs. Hayson—"Now, David, ye know I like ter see ye go ter the dairymen's convention; but, while ye're in the city, I want ye ter promise ter keep good hours, not ter drink a drop, go ter church, an'"——

Mr. Hayson (interrupting)—"Now, look a-here, Mary! If I can't go to a convention uninstructed, why, by ginger! I'll stay ter hum."

ROCKY.

MR. WIGGINS, in his study, was endeavoring to concentrate his thought upon a bit of writing. A perpetual noise in the flat above annoyed him beyond human endurance. Rushing into the sitting-room, he cried,

"What is that confounded racket?"

"My dear, it is only the lady above rocking her baby to sleep."

"For heaven's sake, run up and tell her to use smaller rocks!"

ABOUT ALL IN.

"How's your health this morning, Mr. Seaver?" asked the summer visitor.

"Health!" echoed Uncle Charlie Seaver, jumping from his chair and almost swallowing his fine-cut. "Health! Man alive! I ain't had no health in thirty-eight year. An' I've taken everything from boneset to Sweetzer's bitters. My rheumatism is simply awful this damp weather, an' it makes it mighty hard fer me, only eighty-seven years old, to walk three mile to th' village twice a day an' do th' chores. I've had he[illegible]burn fer fifty year; an' some day, when I git old an' my arteries git [illegible]ry, it'll take me off. An', say, dyspepsia? Why, I've got it that bad that my dinner of corn beef an' cabbage, radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, an' two milk punches sets on my stomach like lead till I take a couple o' glasses o' cider. I reckon I'm about all in."

NEWS.

THE ROAD which has been running from New York to Boston has got there.

Mr. Jones recently went to his office, leaving the lid off the family jar. An explosion resulted.

Miss Jenks, who was seen to take a street car at the foot of Main Street last night, has been arrested.

Miss Mason has been having trouble with her eyes. Yesterday they persisted in running up and down the columns of the morning paper. Then they became fastened on the picture of a departed friend, and at last reports they were glued to the opposite wall.

Professor Seeley, in a moment of deep thought on Friday afternoon, threw his eyes into the fire.

When Mr. Morton arrived at his office this morning he had a young lady on his arm. Dr. Smith is the attending physician.

On Tuesday the night editor, while following a train of thought, walked off a high trestle and fell into a reverie, but his injuries were slight and he is now able to be at his desk again.

Everything looks very bright to-day. It is reported that one of our early risers swept the landscape with his eye.

ADA T. DRAKE.

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Topeka Kate—"Is that house paint or brick dust on your face?"

Cactus Sal—"Jealous! It's natural—it's a straight flush."

SEDUCTIVE.

"Le' me take yer pie fer a minute, sonny, an' I'll show yer how I kin eat it an' balance a feather on my nose at de same time."

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THEY'RE HAVING ALL THE FUN THEY CAN WITH AN ITALIAN PEDDLER-MAN.

1. A peddler snoring off his cares,
A naughty boy, some naughty bears.
Behold the actors in the play
Upon a peaceful summer day.

2. The peddler's bag is opened wide,
And Johnny pops the Teds inside.
It's rather tight, but they don't mind—
And not a one is left behind.

3. At last, with one enormous snore,
The peddler wakes, to sleep no more.
He takes the bag up heavily,
While Johnny hides behind a tree.

4. And now just hear that peddler try
To make a farmer woman buy.
He tells of oils and unguents sweet,
And poultices for weary feet.

5. At last she bids him show his wares.
Hurrah! Out jump the Teddy Bears.
"Oils, unguents, poultices," they yell,
"And real, live Teddy Bears as well!"

6. "Get off, you fiends!" the woman cries
When she has lost her first surprise.
"I'll oil you well, you dago man!"
And this is where the fun began.

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The First Series of the adventures of "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" is now ready in handsome book form. Price, 60 cents. For sale by book dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by Judge Company, Fifth Avenue and Madison Square, New York.

TOM'S MUSTACHE.

SOFT as the down upon a young dove's breast,
Chaste as the silk fringe of a maiden's sash,
Faint as the twilight melting into rest,
Is Tom's mustache.

Fuller of hope than dreams of love or war—
Dreams that no threat can ever quite abash—
Cultured with care, yet ever needing more,
Is Tom's mustache.

And should some day coy love his lips entreat
(Prediction surely ventures nothing rash),
That which will make the wooing still more sweet
Is Tom's mustache.

ALBERT EDMUND LANCASTER.

AN ANECDOTE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

FIRST chap (about two sheets in the wind)—"Ever tell you 'bout my near-losing my valise in Europe?"

Second chap (three sheets in the wind)—"Never did, sh'help me!"

First chap—"'Twasn't a valise. No; a grip. What they call a Gladstone bag in London, and that's where I bought it. Set it down on the sidewalk in Paree on the Bois de Boulogne, and"——

Second chap—"Feller sthole your sandstone bag, eh?"

First chap—"No, no! My Gladstone bag. Had just set it down near the curbing and started to light a cigarette—on the Bois Boulogne"——

Second chap—"Where shay boy b'long what sthole your soapstone bag?"

First chap—"My Gladstone bag! Was just getting ready to light up and have a smoke, and along comes a fellow and makes a reach for"——

Second chap—"I shee! Your whetstone bag."

First chap—"My Gladstone bag! Just then I turned around and saved"——

Second chap—"Saved your grindstone bag! Good feller! Was grindstone in bag all right, all right?"

First chap—"Oh, go to thunder! I've got to catch a train, any way."

"What was that fellow trying to give you?" queried the bartender, a few minutes later.

Second chap—"Search me! Dunno's I know. Lemme shee. Oh, yes! Trying to spring something about a Blackstone gag, I guess."

"Must be a lawyer," mused the bar-keep.

JACK ROBINSON.

FOR MUSICAL CONDUCTORS.

"And why don't they have an up-to-date name for grand opera—something about chauffeurs."

"Vat is ze mattah vid 'Carmen'?"

BEFORE HIS HOLINESS.

"YOU say that Michael Clancy put his arm around you?" came a deep voice from the confessional.

"He did, father."

"And kissed you repeatedly against your will?"

"Th' same, your riverence."

"When did all this occur, my good woman?"

"Oi think about 1903."

"What! Why, that was five years ago!"

"Yis, father; but Oi love t' think about it."

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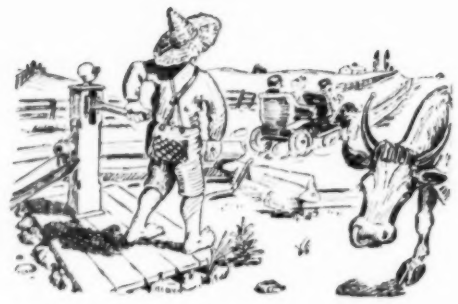
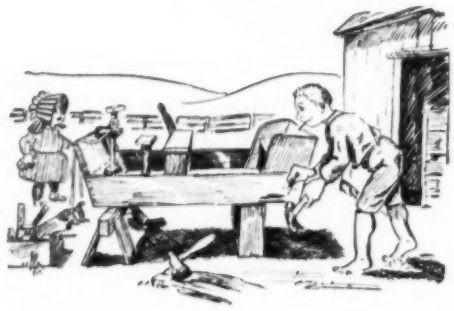
THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS.

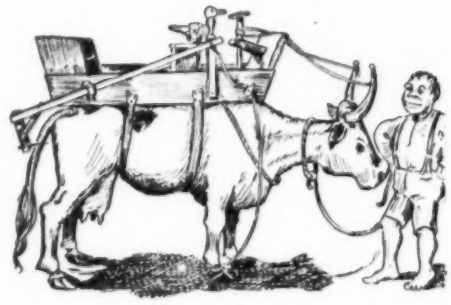
"You used to travel a great deal, Senator Brown."

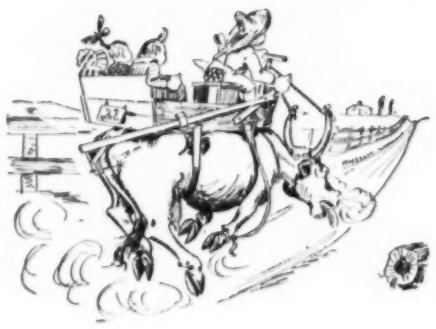
"Yes," answered the great man regretfully; "that was my pass-time."

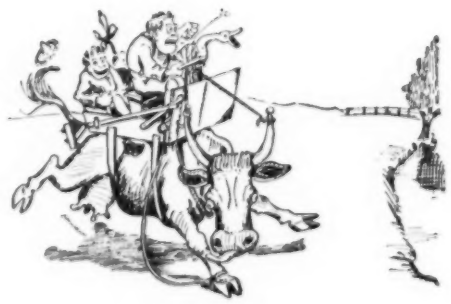
Mud-slinging leaves one with dirty hands.











W. C. ROBERTS.

LITTLE JOE'S AUTOMOBILE.

The Beer Question Settled

The public has shown its decision by demanding each year of **MILLER HIGH LIFE BEER** an increase in production greater than that of any other beer in America. This decision has been based on:

The **QUALITY**—secured from the high grade of its ingredients. The **PURITY**—secured by unremitting care in every detail. The **FLAVOR**—secured by using the best quality of Bohemian hops, and selected rich barley malt. A single bottle will convince you of its **SUPERIORITY.**

Miller HIGH LIFE

MILWAUKEE'S LEADING BOTTLED BEER

THE TACTFUL SHOPMAN.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shopman. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman; "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs. — *Detroit Free Press.*

HIS GREATEST DELIGHT
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

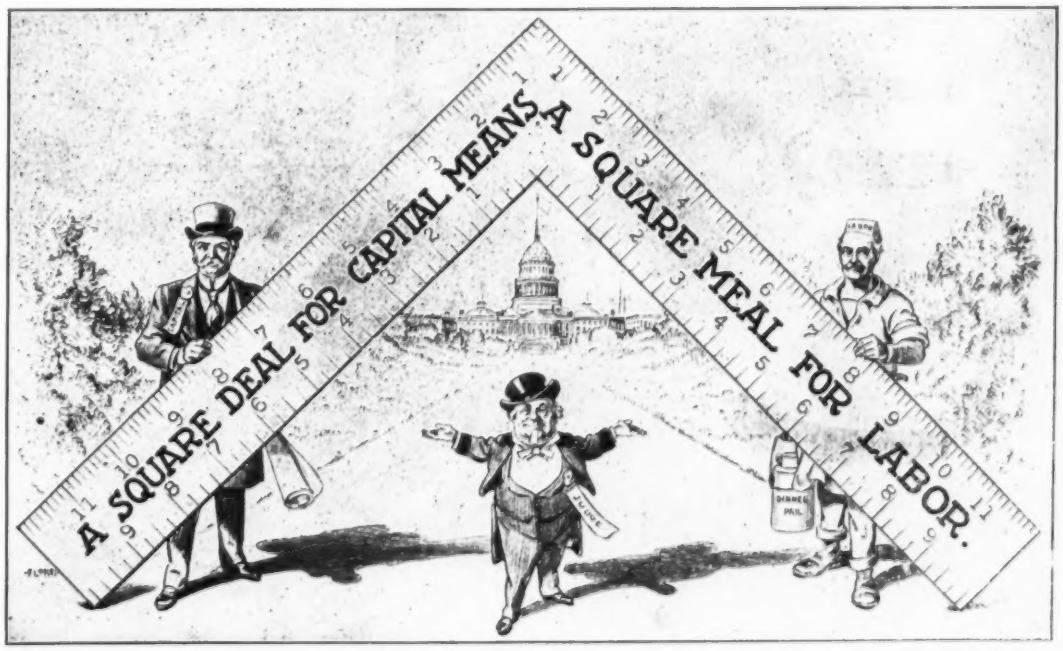
is a vigorous shampoo with the rich, creamy lather made from Packer's Tar Soap. The cleansing and refreshing sensations are immediate; any dandruff is removed; a healthy growth of hair is stimulated, and thus premature baldness is prevented.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

PURE AS THE PINES

You may have seen our Doughnut, but

ARE YOU ON(TO) THE SQUARE?



Judge's Platform at All Times and All Seasons

By request JUDGE reproduces in black and white the color cartoon of June 6th. It is already famous.

NOMINATING A LIVE

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

BRINGING IN A LEAD

THE QUICK AND TH

ALIVE ONE.

A DEAD ONE.

ND THE DEAD.

A WARNING TO GRANDMOTHERS.

HOORAY! They're off! The umpire shouts
His strénuous "Play ball!"
And joy pervades the rooter's breast
To hear the welcome call.
What care we now for stocks and bonds,
For Wall Street or Broadway?
We hie us to the Polo Grounds
To see the Giants play.

Oh, happy day! Oh, happy fan!
Restrain your antics glad;
For suddenly there comes a thought
That leaves us cold and sad.
Alas! each pleasure has its pain
And every joy a sigh—
Just think of all the relatives
Who now are doomed to die!

Sylvester Lee, an office boy,
Last year laid four away;
And Willie Perkins murdered three
(To see the Giants play).
And now the fatal season's here;
Ring out the warning cry
To grandmammas o'er all the land—
"Prepare yourselves to die!"

G. W. B.

IN THE ENEMY'S GUISE.

"Good gracious, Dobbin, what's up—gone crazy?"

"Sh-h-h, don't give me away! I'm looking for a job disguised as an automobile."

GOOD FRIDAY.

OVER THE 'PHONE.

"HELLO, hello! who is this, please?" the man at the 'phone impatiently hurled at the mouthpiece.

"This is— Whom did you want?" came back a feminine voice.

"I called for number— Confound it, I've forgotten the number now! Who is this, anyway?"

"Sir, I think you might be a little more polite in your manner toward a lady. You've doubtless got the wrong number."

"How can I tell whether I've got the right or wrong number if you won't tell me who you are? Some women make me tired!"

"You're a gentleman!"

"You're a lady!"

"You're positively insulting. I"——

"Back up! Who are you, anyway?"

"Sir, I'll tell you who I am. I'm the wife of the biggest stockholder in this telephone company. I am Mrs. George Banks, that's who I am, sir!"

"Great Scott, Mary! I've been trying to get you. This is George, your husband!"

HE HAS NOTICED.

"THERE is one notable thing I have observed," said the foreign lecturer. "Your American women have the most luxuriant hair of any women on the globe."

"Rats!" shouted the irreverent individual from the back of the hall.

JUDGE'S UP-TO-DATE ADS.

HI! Limping Ones of Bunion-Town!
This ad. is meant for YOU!
Our Iron-frame (unlimited) Perfection
CORN-GUARD SHOE
Is built for your necessities, and likewise built *to last!*
One pair, we guarantee, 'll suffice a dim, far-reaching past.
But if that day should ever come when it appears outworn,
Placed on a pole, 'twill "shoo!" the crows, and guard your growing corn.

HAVING a load on his mind shouldn't distress a man, if it isn't all junk.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK

A DISCREET POLICEMAN.

Boy—"Alderman O'Rourke and old man Riley are having th' divil av a scrap just around the corner."
Officer—"Which is on top?"
Boy—"Alderman O'Rourke!"
Officer—"Shure, thin, ut's as much as me job is worth to interfere!"

Swift's Premium Ham

Tender and juicy
Always the same

Put a whole Swift's Premium Ham in cold water, then boil slowly (one-half hour for each pound) changing the water when half done.

Remove the rind, and insert cloves in the soft fat, cover thickly with brown sugar. Place in a baking dish with water, and bake for one-half hour.

A Premium Ham cooked in this manner will be the most delicious ham you have ever eaten.

Try it.

The ham left from the first meal is fine for hot weather lunches or suppers.

U.S. Gov. Inspected and Passed

Swift & Company U.S.A.

A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER

A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER

LIQUEUR

Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

The Magnificent New

Hoffman House

MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

Absolutely Fireproof

The finest type of modern hotel architecture in New York. Beautifully furnished. Comfort and luxurious ease.

Located in the very heart of New York, where all the life and fashion of the metropolis centre.

Room . . . . . $1.50 and $2.00
Room and Bath . . . $2.50 and upward
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath . . . $5.00

Service and cuisine far famed for their excellence. Delightful music afternoon and evening.

Send for particulars and handsome booklet.

J. P. CADDAGAN
Managing Director

AMBIGUOUS.

Miss Chellus—"Did he like the duets we sang?"

Miss Byrd—"I can't decide from what he said."

Miss Chellus—"Oh, I suppose you think he liked your voice best."

Miss Byrd—"Well, really, I don't know exactly what he meant. He said I sang well, but that you were better still."—*Washington Star.*

TOO MANY TOOTS.

A woman on the train entering Grand Rapids asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at Union Station.

He replied, "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two, to two two."

The woman turned to her companion and said, "I wonder if he thinks he's the whistle on the engine."—*Outdoor Life.*

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

A USEFUL HUSBAND.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilkins, "my husband is a somnambulist, and it's so convenient, you know; he can walk about all night with the baby, and still get his natural sleep."—*Punch.*

LOWER BERTH CAME EASY.

Puffing and blowing, the fat passenger began to climb to the upper berth in the sleeping-car.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" said the man in the lower berth.

"It is," answered the fat passenger, "for a man of my weight."

"How much do you weigh, may I ask?"

"Three hundred and eighty-seven pounds."

"Hold on. Take this one!" exclaimed the other, his hair beginning to rise on end. "I'd rather sleep in the upper berth, anyway. The ventilation is better."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A NEW ONE.

"My boy," says the first wayfarer, "I've hit on a scheme that guarantees me a square meal and possibly some clothes at any house I care to strike."

"What do you do?" asks the second wayfarer.

"I throw away my hat, run through a couple of bushes to get my clothes torn up, then go up to the front door and tell the lady of the house I'm a racing balloonist that has just descended."—*Pick-me-up.*

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for tired, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists' and shoe stores, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

ANSWERED.

He was holding down the parlor sofa while she was doing a piano stunt.

"Why is it that you play only religious pieces?" he queried.

"Well, you see, this is an upright piano," she explained.—*Chicago News.*

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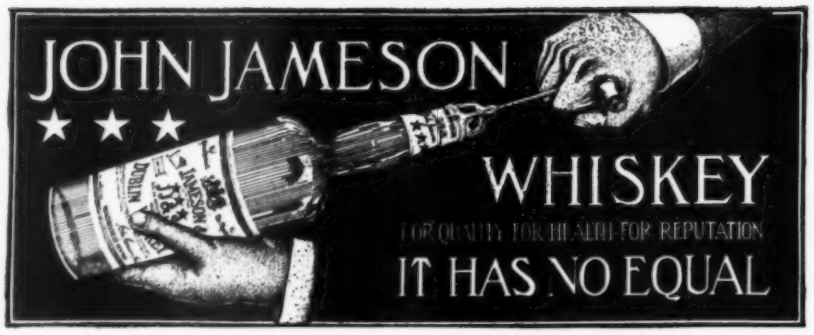

WHY HE WAS THERE.

"What brought you here, my poor fellow?" the Chicago settlement worker asked.

"I married a new woman, sir," the prisoner groaned.

"Aha! and she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?"

"No; the old woman turned up."—*Exchange.*

A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

"Dolan," said Mr. Rafferty, as he looked up at the city post-office, "what does them letters 'MDCCCXCVII' mean?"

"They mean 'eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.'"

"Dolan," came the query, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez think they're overdoin' this spellin' reform a bit?"—*Washington Star.*

"My Policies"

WILL KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR IF THEY ARE IN

The Prudential

MORE LIFE INSURANCE FOR LESS MONEY

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President
HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.
Send for Rates of NEW LOW Cost Policy. Dept. B

WELL NAMED.

Joakley—"Yes, 'Samson.' Don't you know Samson? That's the little Skye terrier my wife has"——

Coakley—"What! That tiny little purp? Isn't that rather silly?"

Joakley—"Oh, I don't know. You see, he'd be nothing without his hair."—*Exchange.*

IN THE COUNTRY.

Farmer Sacks—"Here's a letter askin' about board for the summer, and wantin' to know is thar a bath in the house. What'll I tell 'em, Mirandy?"

His wife—"Tell 'em the truth. Tell 'em if they need a bath we'd advise 'em to take it afore they come."—*Harper's Bazar.*

John Adams

Signer of the Declaration of Independence and Second President of the United States.

HERE we have a Puritan of the Puritans—a man of stern and unbending rectitude—of generous and truly heroic temperament.

Descended from a pious God-fearing New England family of Pilgrims and Pioneers (who were for generations brewers, malsters, barley and hop growers) he became the mouthpiece of the Revolution—the terror of tyrants—a giant in debate—and diplomatically more than a match for Pitt and Talleyrand.

I would rather die than be dictated to—this sentence accurately describes the stubborn spirit of this valiant old patriot whom all England could not govern.

John Adams, even as his fathers before him, nourished mind and body on health-giving barley beer, and died at 91 (twenty-one years beyond the scriptural span) enjoying all his mental powers to the very last.*

---

*Familiar Letters—Riverside Press, N. Y., 1776, pages 22-43-46-47-79-172-220-277. Life and works by his son, John Quincy Adams—Vol. 1, pages 6-8-9-10-11, etc. A letter to his wife, Abigail, May 22nd, 1777, says: "I would give $5.00 for a gallon of your beer."

Budweiser

THE most popular beer in the world. There is less profit to the dealer who sells it, because it costs more money at the brewery than any other beer made. A royal brew of malt and hops whose absolute sovereignty has never been challenged. Unquestionably—

THE KING OF ALL BOTTLED BEERS

Bottled Only at the

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY

St. Louis, Mo.

For Sale at

All Hotels, Clubs and Bars

MR. FROG, THE ARTIST, A HUMBLE PYGMALION.

1 2 3 4 5 6 *Le Rire.*

BLATZ BEER

—MILWAUKEE—

Always The Same Good Old Blatz

You can tell a Blatz Bottle a block away!

In preparing good beer for the market, much is due to the treatment during the process—the cooling, sterilizing, aging and so on. There is a result, however, attained in the brewing of Blatz Beer—a distinguishing characteristic—that has been uniformly maintained.

Certainly the best of components are used, but it's to the "brewer's knack" that Blatz Beer owes its character—and that's where Blatz bases its claim for supremacy.

There's the delightful satisfaction of honest hops and barley malt and that individual goodness that "touches the spot."

If you are "keen to" beer quality and would enjoy its benefits, cultivate the "Blatz Sign Habit"—watch for the name—ask for any of these brands, whether on draught or bottled—Wiener, Private Stock, Export, Muenchener.

ASK YOUR DEALER

VAL BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

COURTEOUS.

Mother—"Oh, Bobby, you naughty boy, you've been smoking! (Pause.) Poor darling, do you feel very bad?"

Bobby (who has been well brought up)—"Thank you. I'm dying."—*Punch.*

HER BUSINESS.

"What business is Miss Gaddie in?"

"Oh, she's in everybody's business."

"Wholesale, eh?"

"Yes, except when it comes to a bit of scandal; she retails that."—*Catholic Times.*

The etc.'s have cost mankind more than all other luxuries combined.—*Dallas News.*

A man must have an awful lot of money to enable him to dress as well as his wife does.—*Chicago News.*

The Machine That Makes the Money.

The Man Who Owns a Mechanical Cleaning Wagon Makes Money.

$3000.00 CAN BE MADE

This year, next year and the year thereafter, cleaning houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men, with a capital of $2500.00 and upwards. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States.

We make the most efficient stationary systems for residences, hotels, office buildings, etc. We own the patents and are prosecuting all infringers. Write for catalog.

General Compressed Air & Vacuum Machinery Company

4497 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Underberg
The World's Best
Bitters

EST. 1846

GOOD FOR EVERYONE

Sportsmen, Athletes and men about town desiring a true, quick-acting, delicious tonic-restorative, of permanent benefit, find nothing equal to **Underberg Bitters.** It is positively unvarying in quality—famous for over 60 years. Creates a healthy appetite, and promotes digestion. In the camp, traveling, at home, at the club, wherever you are you'll find it invaluable.

Enjoyable as a Cocktail and Better for You

Over 7,000,000 Bottles Imported to U. S.

At all Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers.

Ask for UNDERBERG. Write for Booklet.

Bottled only by H. UNDERBERG ALBRECHT, Rheinberg, Germany Since 1846

LUYTIES BROTHERS, 204 William St., New York
SOLE AGENTS

JUDGE'S WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the benefit of our women readers in the myriad homes where JUDGE is a favorite, we have entered into an arrangement with the famous editor of "The Perfect Ladies' Companion," Mr. Hik Hok. Any perfect lady among our readers who has troubles of household or heart may go in perfect confidence to Mr. Hok, who will at intervals convey through these pages advice or comfort, as the case may demand.

Miss Antoinette Eloise Jones, whose appeal for a model leap-year proposal we turned into a prize contest, is beginning to receive aid from our readers. We append the following:

My dear ——:
Although I am a shy one,
I believe that I will try one
Of these leap-year proposals now in style.
If you'll take me for your pet
I'll be your Antoinette,
Then we'll blow in our great-auntie's pile.

Yours,
Antoinette Eloise Jones.

Waldo, B. C., May 29th, 1908.

Dear Mr. Hok: The above is my effort to help the fair Antoinette out. Might say that if the above fails to induce her local beaux, you might refer the lady to

Yours respectively,
Lew W. Fitch.

Dear Mr. Hok: I advise Miss Jones to offer green trading stamps or cigar-store coupons. If this does not work, why shouldn't she advertise for a Christian Scientist husband, who would marry her by absent treatment? Yours helpfully,
L. P. Evarts, New York City.

We did not mean that this department should become a matrimonial bureau, but append the following just received. The editor must add, in justice to Miss Jones's request, that he doubts Miss Pinkham's sincerity.

Dear Mr. Hok: I am very, very anxious to get married. Marriage seems to run in our family, as my mother was married and my grandmother was married before her.

I am at present employed in a tobacco factory, putting smoke in cigars. I work sixteen hours a day and receive three dollars per, but I would be willing to give up this easy position to make some man happy.

I am not a bad-looking girl. My nose is slightly turned up. Some people say I have a wart on my face, but this is false, as this is only the nail showing where my face was fastened on. I am four feet square and weigh two hundred and forty pounds.

If somebody made me his wife I would not rob him of one liberty that he now enjoys. I would require him to stay in the house no oftener than seven nights a week, and he would not have to hand over his salary to me more than once a week. I would not want him to take me to the theatre more than once at a time, and I would invariably let him pay for this pleasure, which shows that I am not selfish.

But in my single bliss I am becoming desperate, and I would even marry Zim after seeing his pictures. Yours humbly,
Lydia Pinkham, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.

No Matter How You Shave

Safety razor or regular razor—shaving stick or shaving mug—the old saying still remains true, "Well lathered, half-shaved." To be well-lathered requires a good brush—bristle-tight and bristle-right.

Shave every day or once a week—rub in the lather as hard as you like, you can't change the shape or loosen a bristle in

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

The "why" of this is found in the base of the brush. The bristles are held together by vulcanized rubber as hard as iron—proof against water and wear. The name on each brush guarantees it.

At all dealers' and barbers' in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to $6.00. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet, from which to order by mail.

To the average man we commend the $1.00 brush.

Berset Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard without rubbing with the hand. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. 25 cents a tube at all dealers'. Send 2c stamp for sample tube containing one month's supply.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY,
84 Ferry Street, Newark. N. J.

Their reputation stands behind them. They stand behind their reputation.

PHILIP MORRIS

ORIGINAL LONDON

CIGARETTES

maintain today the same high standard of quality they established half a century ago.

Sold Everywhere

25c.

A Club Cocktail

Is A Bottled Delight

WHY go to the inconvenience of preparing your own drinks when a bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS saves all the fuss and trouble. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails—always ready for use. Their fine old liquors, measure-mixed, give them a uniformity of flavor no chance-made drink can possibly possess.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G.F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

WHY HE MARRIED AGAIN.

An Ohio lawyer tells of a client of his—a German farmer, a hard-working, plain, blunt man—who lost his wife not long ago. The lawyer had sought him out to express his sympathy, but to his consternation the Teuton laconically observed,

"But I am again married."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the legal light. "Why, it has been but a week or two since you buried your wife."

"Dot's so, my frent; but she is as dead as effer she vill be."—*Lippincott's.*

MISTAKEN.

While a small boy was fishing one Sunday morning, he accidentally lost his foothold and tumbled into the creek.

As an old man on the bank was helping him out, he said,

"How did you come to fall in the river, my little man?"

"I didn't come to fall in the river. I came to fish," replied the boy.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

REASSURING.

Passenger—"Boatman, hadn't we better bail the boat out? She's half full of water."

Irish boatman—"Och, niver mind, sor. Sure, she'll run over when she's quite full."—*Pick-me-up.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

Secretary Metcalf declares that the battleships are in better condition than when they started on their long cruise. The trip appears to have improved everything except the livers of the navy critics.—*Omaha Bee.*

The first "home-owned" automobile appeared on the streets of Humboldt, Tenn., the other day and created a great deal of excitement. The fact that it is owned by the local undertaker may account for some of the excitement.—*Washington Post.*

Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, has vetoed an anti-trust bill because he "would not destroy the cow to kill the tick." The Governor should take care. He will be condemned as a hireling of the corporations if he behaves in this way.—*New York Sun.*

Before Secretary Taft goes further in his endeavors to land a four-year job in Washington, would it not be advisable for him to find out whether he likes the town?--*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

A rough character often has a smooth tongue.—*Ex.*

He (at end of fishing story)—"My word, it was a monster! 'Pon my soul, I never saw such a fish in my life!"

She—"No. I don't believe you ever did!"—*Punch.*

Convenience

Think of an oven at convenient height to be used without stooping!

Think of a stove that cooks the roast with a heat either moderate or intense, as you wish it!

Think of a kitchen as cool when the roast is done as when you began it!

Think how the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove does all this and much more!

Then—last but not least—think whether you can afford to pass the coming summer without this comfort-giving stove in *your* kitchen.

Although the

NEW PERFECTION

Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

gives a very powerful flame, it is *not* a *heating* stove. It does not fill a room with suffocating air as a coal range does. The heat of the "New Perfection" goes only to the point where domestic work requires it; hence the air of the kitchen is very little affected by hours of cooking. Made in three sizes. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The **Rayo LAMP** One or more Rayo Lamps will light your house beautifully at very little cost. Much more satisfactory than other methods of lighting. A steady, powerful light under perfect control. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE.

The "Pennsylvania Special" is not only scheduled to make the run between New York and Chicago in eighteen hours, but it actually performs the deed with a precision that is phenomenal.

During the fifty-three days from March 21 to May 12, inclusive, it arrived in both Chicago and New York exactly on the minute every day but three in each direction. On those dates it was late only two, four, five, ten, thirteen, and thirty-nine minutes respectively.

Such a record means that experienced and skillful enginemen drive the train, that dispatchers and signalmen are ever alert, and that well-trained maintenance-of-way men are keeping the nine hundred and eight miles of track in perfect condition. It means that the passenger between New York and Chicago on the "Pennsylvania Special" is practically sure of reaching his destination on time. Regularity of schedule is a most important consideration. It enables business men to keep their engagements in either city, and to get the benefit of an eighteen-hour schedule.

If you want to get to Chicago in eighteen hours take the "Pennsylvania Special," which leaves New York at 3.55 P. M. and arrives Chicago 8.55 A. M.

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor

The Gem Junior with the **New Bar** does the hand-work of the barber, tightens the skin and raises the hairs vertically, giving a perfect, close, delightful shave with no scraping. Lather and shave—that's all.

New frame with Bar sent to present users of the **Gem Junior Safety Razor** on receipt of 25c. No exchanges.

$1.00

Complete with 7 selected blades, frame, shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case.

Separate set of 7 Gem Junior blades 50c.

Each **Gem Junior** blade is absolutely guaranteed to shave better than any other regardless of name or price. **Each bears the name.** *Beware of imitations.*

A storiette, "The Gentle Art of Self Shaving," including a full course in shaving, sent Free.

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We are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers

Do You Hear Well?

The Stolz Electrophone—A New, Scientific and Practical Invention for Those Who Are Deaf or Partially Deaf—May Now Be Tested in Your Own Home.

Deaf or partially deaf people may now make a month's trial of the Stolz Electrophone on payment of a small deposit. This is unusually important news for the deaf, for by this plan the *final* selection of the *one completely satisfactory hearing aid is made easy and inexpensive for everyone.*

Mrs. C. Lobeck, 238 12th Ave., Maywood, Ill., wears an Electrophone. Less conspicuous than eye-glasses.

This new invention* (U. S. Patents Nos. 858,986 and 855,458) renders unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear and which, the instant it is applied, *magnifies* the sound waves in such manner as to cause an *astonishing increase* in the *clearness of all sounds.* It overcomes the buzzing and roaring ear noises, and also *so constantly* and *electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that, usually, the natural* UNAIDED *hearing itself is gradually restored.*

What a Business Man Says

STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO., Chicago. I am pleased to say that the Electrophone is very satisfactory. Being small in size and great in hearing qualities makes it *preferable to any.* I can recommend it to all persons who have defective hearing. M. W. HOYT, Wholesale Grocer, Michigan Avenue and River Street, Chicago.

Write or call at our Chicago office for particulars of our *personal test* on deposit offer and list of prominent endorsers who will answer inquiries. Physicians cordially invited to investigate. Address or call (call if you can).

Stolz Electrophone Co., 1022 Stewart Bldg., Chicago

Branch Offices: Philadelphia Cincinnati Seattle—Indianapolis Des Moines Toronto.

VARIOUS METHODS.

Hewitt—"I have been pinched for money lately."

Jewett—"Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any."—*Chicago Journal.*

Miss Cutting—"I see by the paper that all the sweet set was at the assembly ball last night."

Miss McBuff—"Yes; I expected to be there, but was prevented"——

Miss Cutting—"The idea! I hope the doorkeeper wasn't rough with you, dear."—*Catholic Times.*

DODGING IT.

"I've just been around to see Kitty O'Neill. She's ill, you know."

"Is her trouble pronounced?"

"Not easily."—*New York Telegram.*

Relieves CATARRH of the BLADDER and all Discharges in 24 HOURS

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

Each capsule bears the name MIDY. *Beware of counterfeits.*

Sold by all druggists.

RIGHT YOU ARE.

To the man who's always gruntin'
And a-grumblin' and a-kickin',
The world don't owe a livin',
But a thunderin' big lickin'.
—*Boston Transcript.*

IMMUNE.

It doesn't hurt a dollar to be drawn and quartered.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Suitor—"Your daughter, sir—well, er—that is—she told me to come to you—she says you"——

Pater—"Quite so—I understand. Let's see; are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbles?"

Suitor—"Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

HIS AMBITION.

"What do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one," was the little man's reply.—*The Herald and Presbyter.*

Mrs. McSwat—"Billinger, how did you like the decorations at the church this morning?"

Mr. McSwat—"All the decorations I could see, Lobella, were worn by the young woman in front of me. I liked the grand sweep of the brim, the floral display and the general arrangement of the ribbons, but I thought the dead bird looked out of place."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Children learn to lie by watching grown-ups who pretend they don't.—*New York Press.*

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A. DE LUZE & FILS
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For 65 Years the Standard

They are today the best known and most popular of high-class Havana Cigars, and enjoy the largest sales of any brand of Havana cigars in the world.

Made in all sizes and shapes. Price, from 3-for-25c to 50c each. Sold everywhere.

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Do Not Stain the Fingers

Rice Paper (*White*) **10c per box of 10 "Everywhere"** Pectoral Paper (*Brown*)

In Cedar wood boxes containing 50 for 50 cents, or 100 for $1.00. Also the large, new, "King Edward" size, price, 20 cents per box of 10.

If not on sale at your dealer's we will supply you direct on receipt of price.

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY
111 Fifth Avenue, New York

Mother—"Just run up stairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's nightgown."
Tommy—"Don't want to."
Mother—"Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back again to heaven."
Tommy—"Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown."—*Punch.*

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ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 West 26th Street, New York.

There's hardly any habit so easy to fall into as telling your wife you love her with the same enthusiasm you ask for the sugar bowl at breakfast.—*Ex.*

MANHANSET HOUSE
Shelter Island, L. I.

2 Hours from New York City.
Finest Resort on Long Island.
All Modern Improvements.

Opens June 25
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.
J. HULL DAVIDSON

SPECIAL RATES FOR THE SEASON.
Cottages leased with all service and meals from June 1.

NEW YORK OFFICE,
23 UNION SQUARE.
BOOKLET ON APPLICATION.

TOO ROUGH.

A traveler in the dining-car of a Georgia railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast.

"Can't give yo' fried aigs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "'lessen yo' want to wait till we stops."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat ebery time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

A
Requisite for Golf
and All Out-door Sports

LITHOLIN WATERPROOFED LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS

They add to the pleasure of sport by preserving one's comfort and neatness of appearance. No freak of weather can affect their shape. Never wilt or crack, and being linen they look it, yet wipe clean and white as new with a damp cloth. Latest styles in all sizes for all occasions.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

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WATERPROOFED LINEN
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS
STYLE ECONOMY FIT COMFORT

ACCORDING TO THE MELODRAMAS.

Genevieve, the Sewing Girl—why, we can't explain—
Dreadful villains try to hurl underneath a train.
Ethelwyn, the Kitchen Maid, cannot go to work.
Gangs of scoundrels, she's afraid, in the parking lurk.
Marguerite, the Pretty Cook, must desert the sink,
For upon her trail a "dook" and his minions slink.
After Housemaid Geraldine vicious rascals yelp.
That is why, or so I ween, housewives can't get help.

—*Courier-Journal.*

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ACCURATE.

"And have you any brothers and sisters, my little man?" asked the kind old lady.

"Yes'm," replied the little man; "I got one sister and one and a half brothers."

"What?"

"Yes, ma'am; two half-sisters and three half-brothers."—*Exchange.*

Many a patent-leather shoe covers a big hole in a stocking.—*Exchange.*

The ability to properly cook corned beef and cabbage has made many women more attractive than all the Marcel waves in creation.—*Scranton Tribune.*

"TWO TOPERS."

A TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

"My friends call me 'The Postum Preacher,'" writes a Minnesota schoolteacher, "because I preach the gospel of Postum everywhere I go, and have been the means of liberating many 'coffee-pot slaves.'

"I don't care what they call me, so long as I can help others to see what they lose by sticking to coffee, and can show them the way to steady nerves, clear brain and general good health by using Postum.

"While a school girl I drank coffee and had fits of trembling and went through a siege of nervous prostration, which took me three years to rally from.

"Mother coaxed me to use Postum, but I thought coffee would give me strength. So things went, and when I married I found my husband and I were both coffee topers, and I can sympathize with a drunkard who tries to leave off his cups.

"At last, in sheer desperation, I bought a package of Postum, followed directions about boiling it, served it with good cream and asked my husband how he liked the coffee.

"We each drank three cups apiece, and what a satisfied feeling it left! Our conversion has lasted several years and will continue as long as we live, for it has made us new—nerves are steady, appetites good, sleep sound and refreshing."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Smile and hustle and you will not need to spend much for patent medicine.—*Scranton Tribune.*

No man knows what a woman has on, or how much woman he is going to get when he marries.—*Dallas News.*

THE HARVEST FIELDS OF AMERICA

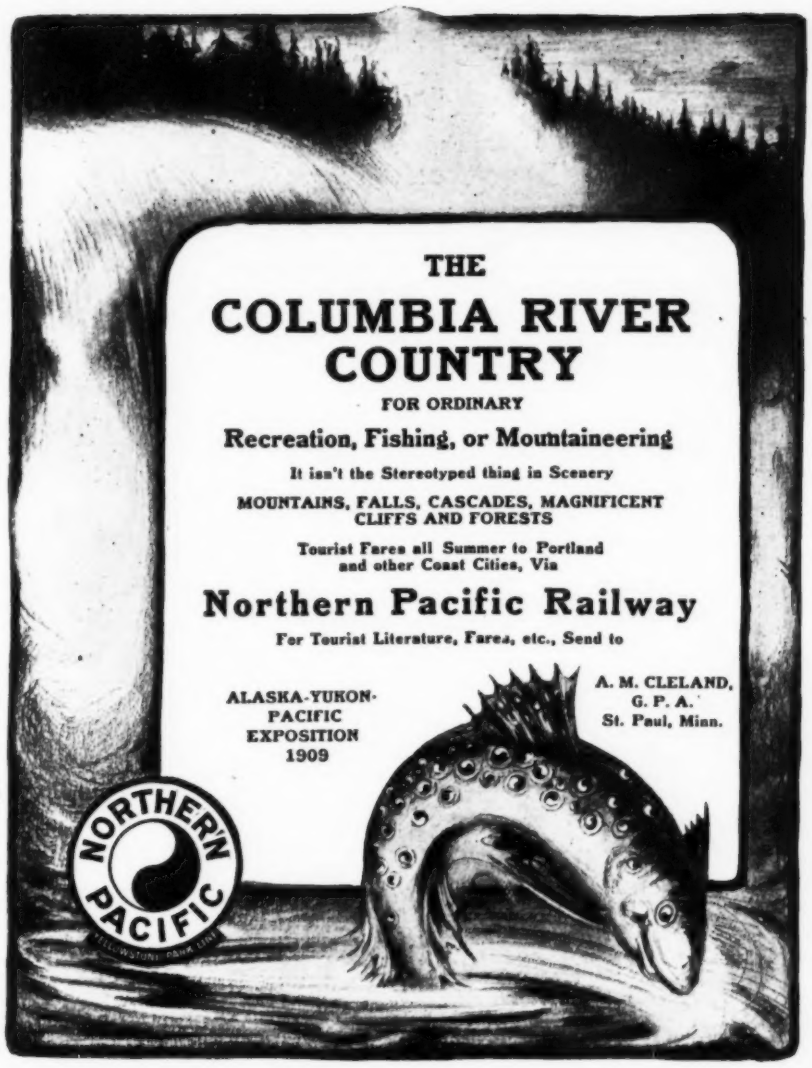
Grow the richest barley crop in the world, and barley, remember, is a substantial food and is the foundation and backbone of

GUND'S PEERLESS BEER

Pure, natural juices of the barley and hops are combined by the famous **"Gund Natural Process"** into a fermented malt beer, whose fine fragrance and rich strengthening food qualities won for it the gold medal of **highest excellence** at Paris, 1900, and for commanding superiority at St. Louis Exposition, 1904. ¶ **"Beer is liquid bread."** This is an ancient German saying and is true in the most **literal** sense of **"Peerless."** Bottled at brewery only. Sold everywhere. A favorite home beer. Send in a trial order for a case—delivered to any address in America.

JOHN GUND BREWING CO., - - LA CROSSE, WIS.

DO YOU READ "JUDGE'S LIBRARY"?



A HOLLOW RING.

Son—"Pa, why does Mr. Ring say his head is as clear as a bell?"

Pa—"Because there is nothing in it but his tongue."—*New York Tribune.*

GETTING THERE.

No, Marie. Hetty Green is not the original "Merry Widow," though she is getting to be quite a high roller.—*Scranton Tribune.*

Colorado

Round Trips

$30 From Chicago

$25 From St. Louis

These low rates in effect June 1st to Sept. 30th. Stop-over 30 days going and within limit of ticket returning, at and west of Missouri River. Write me.

Union Pacific

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.
Omaha, Neb.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"What did she say when you proposed?"

"Why, she had her mouth full of hatpins at the moment—and then her mother came in."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

DOUBTFUL.

Breathes there a woman fair to-day
Who, in spite of all her cares,
Can induce her female friends to pay
Close heed to what she has to say,
Instead of to what she wears?
—*Chicago News.*

JUST A GENTLEMAN.

"You don't mean to say," said Peppery, "that you absolutely do nothing."

"Aw," replied Cholly wearily, "I don't even do that. My man attends to ev'rything, you know."—*Exchange.*

The Finest From Erin's Isle

COMBER IRISH WHISKEY

A Tip Top High Ball

Sold Everywhere.

The Waldorf-Astoria Importation Co.

New York—Chicago

Sole Agents

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near-safeties. *They* have some device *added to* them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson *Safety* is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—*not* near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

HAMMER THE HAMMER

"SHOTS," our booklet, tells all about it in a plain, simple way, so you can't go astray on the SAFE revolver question. Send for it—FREE.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3 inch barrel, or 38 cal. center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel, $6 (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickeled, 32 cal. center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 38 cal. center fire, 3¼-inch barrel, $7 (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Hammer the Hammer — Accidental Discharge Impossible

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 153 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

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IVER JOHNSON SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUNS AND TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLES

APPOINTIVE SYSTEM A FAILURE.

We favor the popular election of weather men.—*Columbus Journal.*

A QUESTION OF PROPRIETY.

"Aren't your sermons rather prosy?" asked the fault-finding elder.

"Prosy!" echoed the exasperated minister. "What do you expect? Limericks?"—*Washington Star.*

FINANCIAL.

"If a man would work as hard to keep out o' debt," said Uncle Eben, "as he does to pay off de mortgage, dar wouldn't be nigh so much interest collected."—*Washington Star.*

When a man loses all his money he can practically count on the next baby being twins.—*New York Press.*

It is better to have the fly in the ointment than in the jam.—*Scranton Tribune.*

You can generally tell when a man isn't successful by the way he lies to make people think he is.—*Ex.*

HE GOT THE JOB.

Boy (rushing in)—"Did you advertise for an office boy, mister?"

Merchant—"Yes."

Boy—"Well, I'm him. What do I do first?"—*Baltimore Sun.*

LET US HOPE SO.

"William," she said, "means good; James means beloved. I wonder"——

A flush mantled her cheek. "I wonder," she softly murmured, "what George means?"

"George means business, I hope," said mother, looking up from the wedding announcements in the evening paper.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Where a few are gathered together there will be found some one to jump on President Roosevelt. As it may gratify the jumper and doesn't worry the President, on with the sport.—*Atlanta Georgian.*

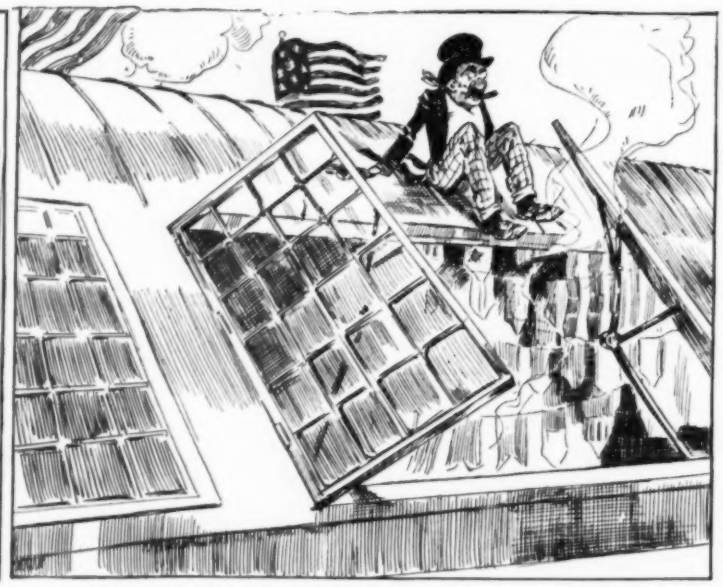
The paper on the wall of a house never looks the same to the landlord and the tenant.—*Scranton Tribune.*

LOFTIS SYSTEM Diamonds on credit

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. Send for our beautiful descriptive catalog. Whatever you select therefrom we send on approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 equal monthly payments. As a good investment nothing is safer than a Diamond. It increases in value 10 to 20% annually. Catalogue free. Write today. *Do it now.*

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Dept. F 40, THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.

1. *Nervy Nat*—"I'll bet the thermometer inside this convention hall registers 1,000 in the shade, if it registers an inch. Me for a cooler spot, where I can be more exclusive. I might lose my watch in this crowd, too. I have it—the attic!"



2. *Nervy Nat*—"Now, isn't this superb? A bird's-eye view of the entire convention, and right over the grand-stand! See all the flags fluttering in the hot air! Looks like the East Side on a wash-day."

3. *Nervy Nat*—"Wow! Hurrah! Hear them cheer! I'll gamble they have nominated the big stick, or, mayhap, the rotund one—perchance the cannon, whoever it may be. Cheer, Nathaniel—cheer for the whole bunch!"

4. *Nervy Nat*—"Shivering codfish! How in Samuel Hill did you happen to fall through the main hatch, Nat? And you've got several hundred feet of American flags wound about your person. When you land in the midst of that throng you must say something, and say it quick."

5. *Nervy Nat* (as he hits the chairman's desk)—"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention—I just blew in to propose the name of that sterling Republican who has the interests of this great nation at heart, from Hell Gate to Golden Gate, from Maine to Guam—that foe to Democracy, Nervy Nat! What! no cheers?"

6. *Reporters*—"You seem to have been thrown out. What was the trouble?"

Nervy Nat—"You may say to the public that I am a contested delegate about to hold a rump convention. You have an extra cigar? No? Then begone, tripe! I would be alone with me thoughts."

NO. 49—NERVY NAT AS A CONVENTION DELEGATE.

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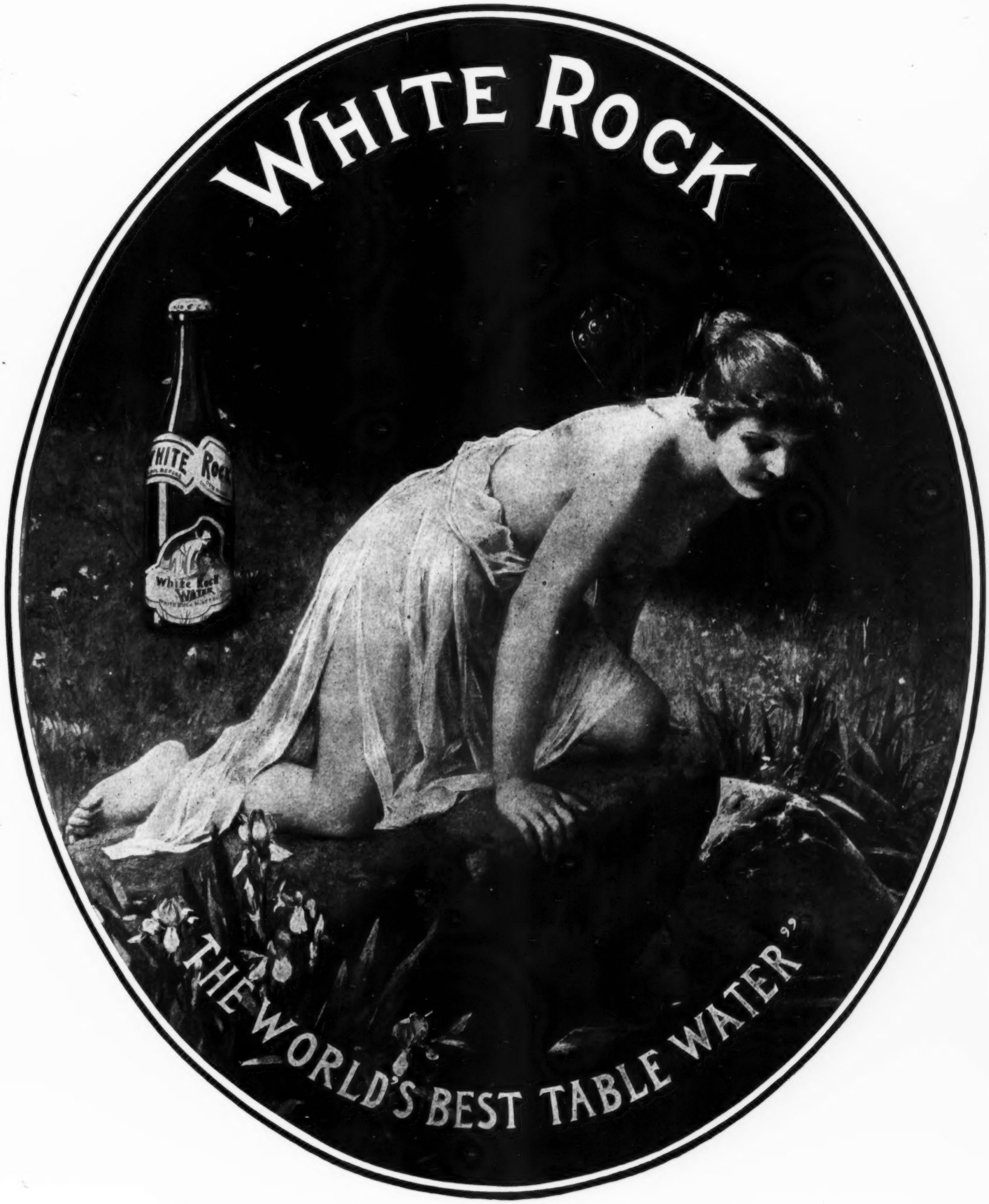
NOTE.—The First Series of Nervy Nat's Adventures is now ready, handsomely bound in book form. Price, 75 cents; 10 cents additional for postage when ordered by mail. Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.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White Rock WATER
"THE WORLD'S BEST TABLE WATER"

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

GENERAL WRIGHT

A STATESMAN is General Wright,
As stalwart for peace as for fight;
He announces his cause
In aid of all laws,
While he puts groundless panic to flight.

He's the greatest of moral inciters;
Always settles disputes between fighters.
The cause of his rank
Is because he is frank,
And presents only facts between writers.

"My 'Standard of Quality' claim,"
Says he, "is the cause of my fame;
For the standard I hold
Has a point of fine gold,
And adds to the praise of my name!"

From far-off Peruvian ground,
Where all the best rubber is found,
The substance is brought
From which there is wrought
His uniform, simple and sound.

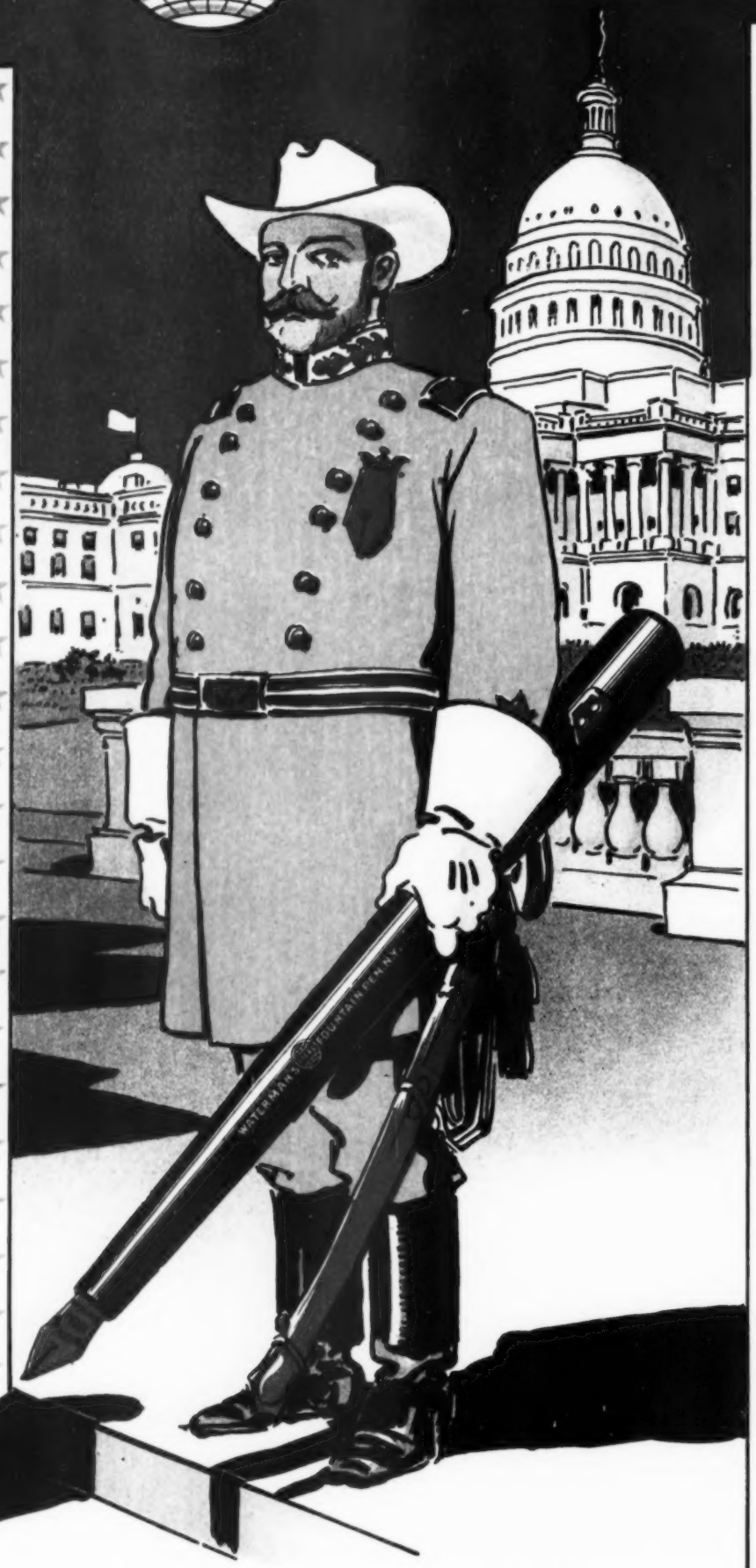
And he claims, with a modest inflection,
"My holder, my cap, and my section,
As well as my nib,
Satisfaction must give,
For my Spoon Feed works quite to perfection."

The Clip-cap to all will appeal—
It's the General's watch-dog at heel.
In the pocket secure
It is bound to procure
The safety of every "Ideal."

For years his nib may be used,
As the tip is iridium fused,
The world's hardest metal,
Endurance does settle,
Thus writers are always amused!

Yes, the General Wright, we acclaim,
Is the great fountain pen known to fame;
Now, buy one to-day,
And remember, pray,
That Waterman's Ideal is the name!

FROM THE BEST DEALERS THE WORLD OVER.



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